What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of *Herford*, boy?
H. Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H. P. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhall ripen and confirme
To more approued ſeruice and deſart.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure,
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what ſturre
Keepes good old Yorke therewith his men of Warre?
H. P. There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of name and noble eſtimation.
Nor. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with ſpurring, fierie red with haſt.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traitour: all my treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
Roſſe. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord.
Wil. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bull. Euermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere?
Nor. It is my Lord of Barkeley, as I gueſſe.
Barck. My Lord of *Herford*, my meſſage is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,

And

And I muſt find that title in y
Before I make reply to ought
Bark. Miſtake me not my l
To race one title of your hono
To you my Lord I come, wha
From the moſt glorious of th
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know
To take aduantage of the abſ
And fright our natiue peace w
Bul. I ſhall not need ttanſp
Here comes his Grace in perſ
Yorke. Shew me thy humbl
Whoſe duety is deceiueable a
Bul. My gracious Vnckle
Yorke. Tut, tut, grace me n
I am no traitours Vnckle; an
In an vngracions mouth, is b
Why haue thoſe baniſht and
Darde once to touch a duſt o
But more then why? Why h
So many miles vpon her peac
Fryting her pale-facde Villag
And oſtentation of deſpiſed A
Comſt thou becauſe th'anno
Why fooliſh boy, the King i
And in my loyall boſome lie
Were I but now Lord of ſuch
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Fat
Reſcued the Blacke Prince th
From foorth the rancks of m
O then how quickly ſhould t
Now priſoner to the Paulſey
And miniſter correction to t
Bul. My gracious Vnckl
On what condition ſtands it,
Yorke. Euen in condition
In groſſe rebellion, and dete
Thou art a baniſht man, an

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k